Enter Clifford,

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Clif. Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall dye.

Tutor. Oh Clifford, ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt
Heauen reuenge it on thy head; oh ſaue his life.

Cliff. Soldiors away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eyes? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,
And ſo he walkes inſulting ore his prey,
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limbes in ſunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart,
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my ſoule.
Therefore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.
To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford pitty me.

Clif. I, ſuch pitty as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut.

Yorke a

Rut. But t'was ere I was b
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith
He be as miſerably ſlaine as
Oh, let me liue in priſon all n
and when I giue occaſion of
Then let me die, for now tho

Clif. No cauſe? Thy fathe
Plantagenet, I come *Plantage*
And this thy ſonnes blood c
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, t
Congeald with his, do make

Alarmes, enter th

Yorke. Ah *Yorke*, poſte to t
The goale is loſt, thou houſe
Thrice happy chance is it for
That heauen abridgde my da
But God knowes what chan
But this I know, they haue de
Like men borne to renowe b
Three times this day came *R*
and cried courage, Father: vi
and twice ſo oft came *Edward*
With purple Faulchion paint
In bloud of thoſe whom he h
Oh harke, I heare the drums.
No way to ſaue my life? and
And heere my life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, C
and

Come bloudy *Clifford*, rough
I dare your quenchleſſe fury t
This is the But, and this abide

Northum. Yeeld to our me

Clif. I, to ſuch mercy as his

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